

[**he looks up, grinnin' like a devil** by orphan_account](#)

Series: [lover](#) [2]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Drunk Sex, F/M, Flirting, Hook-Up, Mildly Dubious Consent, Season 3 compliant, Song: Cruel Summer (Taylor Swift)

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Summary:

heather hadn't been looking forward to her summer job, but she had no idea how it would change her life.

he looks up, grinnin' like a devil

Author's Note:

the second part of my stranger things series "lover", which will be fics inspired by each song on taylor swift's latest album!!

this chapter is for the second song, "cruel summer"

i hope you enjoy it!! xo

Heather Holloway was *not* excited about her summer job.

She hated working with kids, as supported by the times she had tried to babysit, and she didn't even *like* swimming. She only got CPR certified because it was part of her health class, anyway.

But, she wanted the extra cash, and there would be plenty of hot guys there, so would it really be that bad? She couldn't have imagined what that summer would have in store for her. No one could have.

It started off entirely normal: Yelling at kids to stop running and splashing, getting tanned, and befriending her co-workers, as she seemed to have a natural talent for making people like her, an art of persuasion that she prided herself on.

And then, there was Billy Hargrove.

They exchanged smiles when they switched shifts, and one of the other girls claimed that "Heather, Billy was *totally* checking you out!", but she just nudged her playfully with a roll of her eyes; she didn't get her hopes up. He was hot, sure, but she knew that boys like him had a reputation.

Heather was a lot of things, but she wasn't easy. She wasn't going to spread her legs for a stud like Billy Hargrove only to have him ignore her for the rest of the summer. She wouldn't let him, or any guy for that matter, have that over her (although, seeing him in his swimsuit really made her question the strength of her morality.)

She wasn't the only one interested. She could see the way girls and women of all ages gawked at him, and it amused her greatly. It had been the same way at school, so she wasn't surprised.

Although she knew his reputation, Heather couldn't say she'd ever had a problem with Billy. He was flirty, but pretty chill. He got to work on time and did his shift, never fell asleep in the lifeguard chair, and looked cute while he did it...What else could she want from him?

She wondered what he was like beneath that cool exterior, though. Was he the tough guy that gave Steve Harrington all those wicked bruises back in the fall, or was there a softer side to him somewhere? She thought that there might be, and she *really* wished she could be the lucky girl who drew it out of him.

"Hey, Billy!"

The blond turned his head at the sound of his name, and smirked, openly looking Heather up and down. "What's up?"

Flushing ever so slightly, Heather took off her sunglasses so she could properly look him in the eye. "Some of the guys are talking about having a party tonight after closing. I wanted to let you know, cause...Well, I hope to see you there," she said.

Billy took a step forward, resting a hand on her shoulder. "Well, then, I guess I'll see you there," he said, looking down at her over the top of his sunglasses.

That night, Heather got all dressed up in a pair of denim shorts and tube top, searching for Billy among the partygoers, red solo cup in hand, drinking down refill after refill.

When she finally found him, as he'd shown up quite fashionably late, she was already tipsy and all but threw herself into his arms for a

hug. At first, he'd kind of frozen, like he wasn't sure why she'd done such a thing, but then wrapped his arm around her waist and whispered in her ear that she looked "*fuckin' fantastic*."

It wasn't long until he'd gotten her back to his car, unbuttoning her jeans in the backseat.

Billy pulled them down her tan legs, pressing a kiss to the inside of her thigh, and she watched him with curious eyes.

He caught her gaze and grinned, and while it should have been sexy, for some reason, it gave her an odd feeling in her stomach. But no girl got this far with Billy Hargrove just to back out, so she shook it off, and leaned back as he pulled her underwear off, too.

The next day, at work, Heather caught Billy flirting with Mrs. Wheeler by the poolside, and though she knew that some drunk, backseat sex had meant nothing to him, it still made her shed a few tears when she got home, and her usual shower to scrub off the smell of chlorine became more of an attempt to scrub him off her skin, metaphorically at least.

When he didn't show up to work the next day, she was surprised. He rarely missed his shift. He'd probably been fucking Mrs. Wheeler in some sketchy motel and slept in. But she refused to let curiosity get the better of her. Besides, he clearly didn't care about her, so why should she care about him?

Although she wanted to ignore him, she couldn't deny that Billy had been acting strangely. After he missed his shift the other day, he was...different. And it creeped her the fuck out.

Walking into the men's locker room, Heather heard the shower running, heard quick, frantic breathing, and her flip-flops padded across the wet concrete floor.

“Billy? Are you okay?”

Whether he had used her or not, Heather wasn’t going to be a bitch. He was clearly acting weird, and she was only trying to help. But nothing could have prepared her for what happened next.

He grabbed her throat in his hands and pinned her against the shower wall, a manic grin spread across his face as she pushed at his chest and tried to scream, and although his eyes were full of anger (and she swore fear beneath that), it was the same grin he’d given her in the backseat of his car just a few nights prior. That was the last thing she thought before losing consciousness.

Heather Holloway hadn’t been looking forward to her summer job, but she never could have known it would cause her so much pain and loss. She lost control of her body, her mind. And in the end, she died. Her parents died. Billy died, too. If she’d stayed away, would it still have played out the same?

There was just no way to know.

Author's Note:

thank you so much for reading!! i really hope that you enjoyed.

if you liked it, please consider leaving me a kudos/ comment to let me know!! feedback makes every writer's day :)